

The Wisdom of the Young

By T. S. Allen



The Youth—Dis is the last time I ever offers me hand in marriage to you, Ann Maria!
 "Oh, Mamie, wot do you suppose he finds in me ter love?"
 "You're got me guessing, Alice."
 "Hey, Johnnie, run around ter Fourteenth street and tell Charlie Murphy ter come and bail me out."
 "What are you kids doing 'way over here on Fifth avenue?"
 "Oh, just slumming."
 "Scuse me, Billy, but yer ma's looking every-where fer you."

THE NEW PLAY

"The Merry Widow"
 Gains a Few
 Ha! Ha's! at Weber's.

YOU pay your money and you take your choice. There's very little choice between the two "Merry Widows" now waiting to the love-lorn air you know so well, for Widow No. 2, at Weber's, is tune-fortune with Widow No. 1 at the New Amsterdam Theatre.

"The Merry Widow" that came to the little music hall last night, "by permission of Henry W. Savage," G. G. (Generous Gentleman), brought along all of Franz Lehár's music, and created it with the respect due to the work of a man who knows how to set a widow to music. There was no Victor Herbert to turn a musical joke, there wasn't even a Maurice Leblond to score an instrumental laugh. Perhaps this wouldn't have been "by permission" of the G. G. who insisted "The Merry Widow" to the tender mercies of Mr. Weber. So there you were with your old musical love, much to your surprise, but not greedy to your disappointment, for, after all, you can hardly hear too much of "The Merry Widow."

As for the burlesque, it merely went to prove that it is almost impossible to burlesque a Merry Widow. It's like trying to make a laugh do double duty.

"The Merry Widow" gained but few ha! ha's! at Weber's aside from those which Miss Lulu Glaser brought with her and an extra supply furnished by that fatted prodigal Peter F. Dalley. It was easy to believe that George V. Hobart wrote the "book," but it was not so easy to believe that he wrote Dalley. The long-lost Peter seemed to write himself as he went along, sometimes with his feet, sometimes with his little finger, and at all times with success. As Caramel de Jolldog, a four-norman lover, he made the audience and one kind laugh. If he had been the Prince he might have done as much for the first and third acts, which needed more of him badly.

Isn't it funny that Dalley is funny only at the music hall? When he strays into standom, or something equally terrible, he becomes almost tragic. But when he returns to the foil and its fooling, he is always a joy. He was the life of "The Merry Widow" last night, with all due credit to Miss Glaser, whom he insisted upon calling "Phony." She was not lacking in either life or strength, and she changed the waltz into a clinch that made Prince Charlie's death seem a mere trifle.

Mr. Dalley's bawling out bravely, and used to get some fan out of his part. After seeing Rose come safely through the waltz, Dalley took a whirl at it with Miss Glaser on a revolving platform. And here you saw a bit of real burlesque—the automatic waltz.

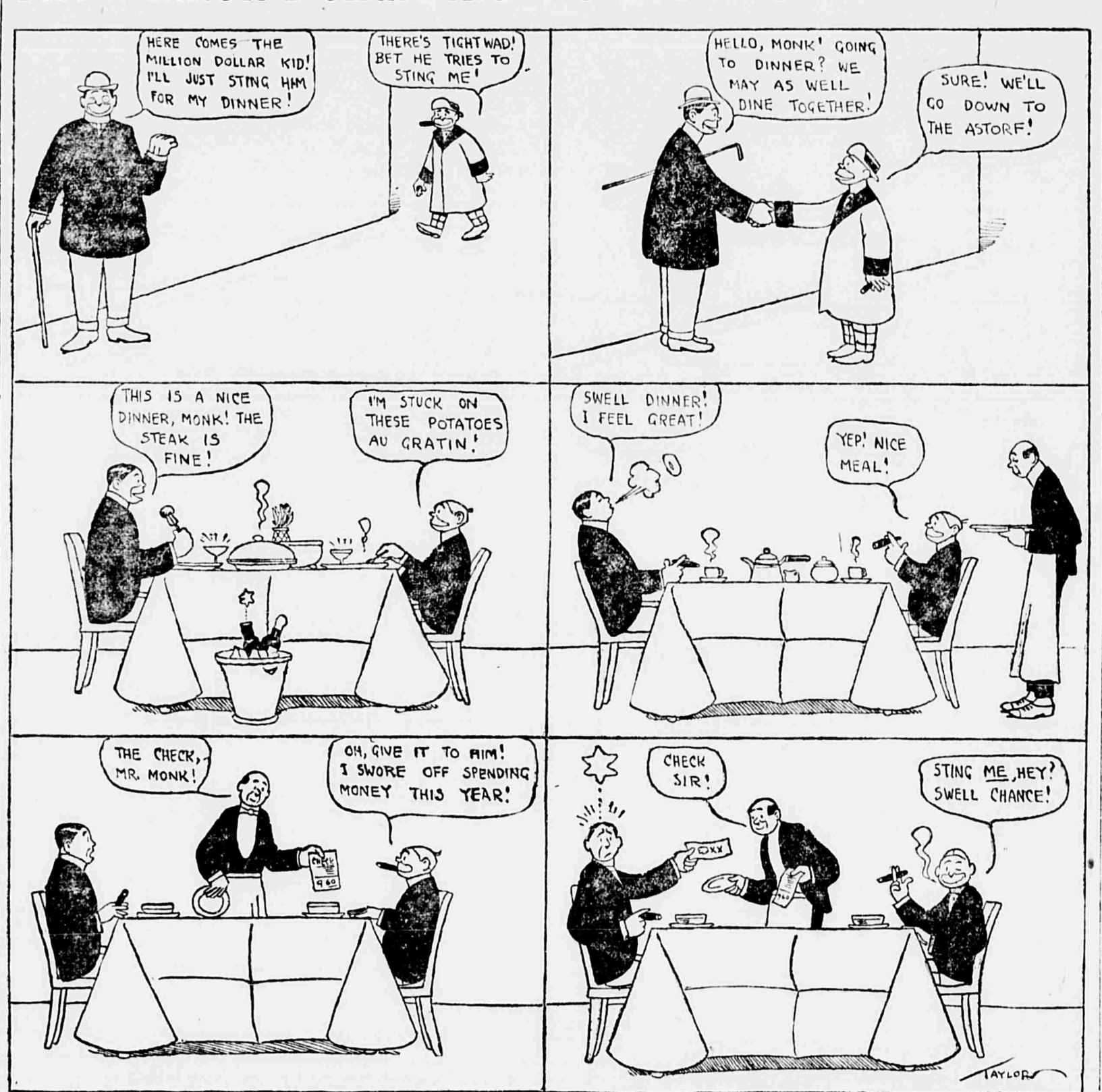
Mr. Weber was completely disgusted as a flat janitor—that is, he played a janitor "flat," instead of with his traditional stage stomach. He seemed rather sad without it, and went copiously into a mustache of trailing arbutus design. Miss Mabel Denton spread herself as the Baroness Copoff, and Albert Hart gave more height than humor to the part of the Baron.

The chorus, which included a budding Fay Templeton (address, one door south of the centrepiece), was big and beautiful, and by no means in need of Far-southern fur trimmings to keep it warm. It was so "warm," in fact, that Miss Freddie Clayton danced in her bare knees without a single shiver. Not only that, but she warmed up the rather cold last act with a Far-southern moody-cocky. Something more is needed, however, to make Maxine's working of its name, for this scene was far from Irish Mitchell at his liveliest and prettiest.

"Speeches" that followed the flowers at the finish indicated that "The Merry Widow" will grow merrier with age.

The Million-Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



BETTY VINCENTS' ADVICE ON COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

An Unanswered Letter.

Dear Betty:
 I HAVE been corresponding with a young man for about two months. He used to answer my letters right away, but I usually waited a few days before answering his. The last time I waited over a week. I have not heard anything from him since. Do you think he thought I didn't care for him? Should I write him another note, as I would like to keep up with him?
 A. R. E.

Your letter may have gone astray, and perhaps that is why you have not heard from him. If you like him very much, and sincerely prize his affection, there is no harm in writing a second note.

She Misleads Him.
 Dear Betty:
 I HAVE been keeping company with a young man for the past eighteen months, and although he has told me several times that he loved me, he has never asked me to marry him, as he does not intend to get married for three or four years. I like him very much as a friend, but I do not love him and have no idea of marrying him. I am sure he intends asking me to marry him some day, but since he has never directly done so, do you think there is anything wrong in my going with him once or twice a week? I am surely not

misleading him, as I have never given him the impression that I love him.
 MARGOLD, Peoria, Ill.

I think you are misleading the young man. If you accept his invitations so often he has a right to think you may reward him in the future. If you have no idea of marrying him there is no use in allowing him to spend his salary on you. He might put it to better use in courtship, some other girl who will really love him.

How to Meet Her.
 Dear Betty:
 I MEET a young lady on the car every morning and evening on my way to business. I am crazy to know her, and feel sure she would like to know me. How can I meet her?
 C. C.

Find out where she works and try to meet some man who knows the young lady. He will then introduce you. Perhaps you have some mutual acquaintance who will do this for you. You cannot meet her except through some mutual friend.

They Can Marry.
 Dear Betty:
 I AM a young man about to be married to a cousin of mine. Her father is a brother of my father. I love this girl, but I have heard that it is not right for cousins to marry. Is it true?
 M. M.

Cousins are permitted in New York State to marry.

HINTS FOR THE HOME

Gloss Your Linen.
 MIX starch with soapy water, for it will give the linen a beautiful gloss. This plan also prevents the iron from sticking.

Care of the Kettle.
 AN enameled kettle which has been allowed to boil dry should be filled immediately with boiling water. Cold water poured in, as usual, would cause the enamel to chip.

Tall Vases.
 ALL flower vases should be weighted by pouring in a small quantity of shot or pebbles, that they may not be easily overturned. Sand is also useful in this connection.

Dust Cloths.
 ANTON dannel is best for removing accumulations of dust, and it takes every particle, but cheese-cloth is best for furniture with a piano finish. Use the dannel cloths wrapped

around a broom for dusting walls, but something really better than this is the white cotton mop used for scrubbing purposes. They can be washed and dried and, being so light, are easy for a woman to handle.

China Shelves.
 BELIEVES for very precious china may have pads of felt to prevent chipping the dishes. When fragile plates must be piled one on another, a small, plain dolly placed between them will save breaking.

Linoeum's Life.
 THE life of old linoeum may be lengthened by giving it a coat of clear varnish. When dried the varnished surface is easily kept clean with a damp cloth. Where there is a badly worn spot in the centre it is sometimes a good plan to cut the linoeum through the middle and bring the two outer edges together before varnishing.

A Storm of Arrows.
 But in the instant of her passage arrows flew thick and fast, and from a hundred guns or more repeated volleys swept over her deck. St. Aubyn fell short through the neck. A couple of men in the fore-cabin dropped like sacks of coal. One poor fellow ran screaming the length of the ship, holding his shattered leg to his face.

With her guns detonating, her crew cheering, her courage glowing and her heart ploughed through their fronted ranks, the Fortuna tore through the sea, yelling, yelling, and raced into the comparative security of the gulf beyond. Many still clung to the main body, disorganized and appalled, made no attempt to follow, shrinking together in a panic-stricken crowd. When Kirk again went about, and flung the Fortuna at their very centre, they broke and fled. At first, even in flight, they kept some cohesion. But as the ship ploughed through their fronted ranks, her huge wheels striking down, she opened a way for her as they had done before, but this time Kirk did

not shrink from harming them. Within fifty feet of the lane he put up his helm and sent the Fortuna crashing through a mob of men and horses. With her enormous headway she ground through them with unmitigated speed, jolting violently and reddening her wheels with blood. Even as she did so, the guns opened with murderous uproar, and from stem to stern every rifle was spitting flame.

A Great Relief.
 Then, setting the vessel once more on her course, he thankfully drew away from such scenes of carnage, and let them sink behind him in the blue of the horizon. Unmolested and shaken by the terrible ordeal, it was with profound relief that he saw the battle-ground fade and disappear.

"Kirkpatrick," he said, with pitiful bravado, in which there was a note of entreaty, "I think we may congratulate ourselves on the way we fought the ship!"

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Waistcoat—Pattern No. 5868.

Pattern No. 5868 is cut in sizes for a 34, 35, 36, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

Fighting Every Foot of Their Way to the Treasure of the Incas The Brave Band on the Ship Fortuna at Last Escape the Savages.

speaking trumpet from his unresisting hand. The men were firing wildly, and except for Westbrook's gun, and some of the sharpshooters like Von Zedwitz and Bob St. Aubyn, a terrific amount of ammunition was being wasted. "Starboard gun ahoy! Starboard gun, there!"
 "Ay, ay, sir!"
 "Lower, lower! Aim lower! Lower, I tell you!"
 "What's the matter down there, Beale? Why aren't you firing? Port gun ahoy, why aren't you firing?"
 A man came running up to say it was jammed.
 Escape!
 Then pass the word for Crawshaw. Get Crawshaw! Hold on!"
 "Yes, sir!"
 "Stop that jackass in the red shirt from shooting in the air!"
 Above the pandemonium brave Kirk's resonant voice, magnified by the speaking trumpet, thundered forth his orders. He sent three men to the wheel to replace those that had fallen. He bade the shooters to try and outdistance the pursuit, and fluting that of no avail, ran up the club-topped and a couple of other kids. He ordered the wounded and dying to be carried ashore, where the doctor could best serve them. Crowded with every yard she could carry the Fortuna gradually forged ahead of the band-flecked horses and their routing riders. The few that managed to keep her pace were shot down. The rest, straggling out for a mile, were little by little dropped be-

hind. Then, altogether losing heart, they drew rein and sullenly watched their prey escape.
 But Kirk's elation was short-lived. Amid the cheering and congratulations that celebrated their deliverance his face alone failed to reflect the universal joy. He knew they were soon bound to lose the wind, and even by squaring away to the westward the best that could be hoped for was a run of a dozen miles. The battle would have to begin again under circumstances a thousandfold more disadvantageous than before. Under all the Fortuna was a formidable antagonist, but becalmed what was she but a rather rickety fort?
 The Indians had not been beaten. In spite of their losses they had hung on with desperation, and were as full of fight as ever. In a couple of hours the ship, stationary as a rock, would be again attacked. With no wind to move her she would have to bear a terrific onslaught with every point in the enemy's favor. Machine guns and all she would be hard put to it, with less than fifty men, to withstand a host of eight thousand. No, the wind was the biggest weapon they possessed, and the poorest use they could put it to was to fly.
 Back to the Fight.
 "Stand by to go about!" shouted Kirk. His voice was so decisive that after an instant of hesitation there was a general movement to obey. The ship's resolution and self-confidence was irresistible.
 The great hull swung round with a bump and crash, and paid off on the other track.
 "All hands to quarters!"
 The enemy was about half a mile distant, and it could be seen that his unexpected manoeuvre of the Fortuna had thrown them into confusion. A hoarse, low trumpeting rose from the midst, and for a moment Kirk hoped that this was a signal for their flight. But on the contrary, they stood their ground, and opposed a defiant front to the oncoming ship. Kirk aimed her at the place where they seemed thickest, at the same time ordering his men to hold their fire till every shot could be made to tell.
 At Close Quarters.
 Tense and breathless the gun crews stood ready to open with their hail of death. A file of men were passing up ammunition from below-the supply in the chartroom beginning to run short. Here and there the sharpshooters, braced against the rigging, were covering living targets with their rifles. Such of the wounded as had the strength to do so were standing up, holding to what they could. One, too weak even for this, managed to roll himself to the scupperns and was seeing what he could through a lawse hole.
 Lurching and plunging, her great wheels plowing like those of a locomotive, the Fortuna sped forward with ponderous velocity. The savages scattered to open a way for her as they had done before, but this time Kirk did

not shrink from harming them. Within fifty feet of the lane he put up his helm and sent the Fortuna crashing through a mob of men and horses. With her enormous headway she ground through them with unmitigated speed, jolting violently and reddening her wheels with blood. Even as she did so, the guns opened with murderous uproar, and from stem to stern every rifle was spitting flame.

The survivors scattered in every direction like autumn leaves in the wind. Thinking that the slaughter had gone far enough, Kirk gave the order to cease firing and applied himself to breaking up the smaller parties, that in tens and twenties still kept together, circling like some monstrous vulture, he in turn cut off and scattered them to the four winds, till the savanna, as far as the eye could reach, was dotted with escaping figures. In these manoeuvres he refrained as far as he could from taking more lives, being content to harass and terrorize the fugitives till he was satisfied they were utterly routed.

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